

Tonight 8:40
All Seats \$2.50

No Trifling with Love

Sun. Mat. 3 P.M., Tues., Wed., Thur., Eve. 8:40—All Seats \$2.50
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Kerr, N.Y. Herald Tribune

PAUL GERALDINE NEWMAN PAGE

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A New Play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

Directed by ELIA KAZAN
MARTIN BECK THEA.

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off-broadway theatre

ALL THE KING'S MEN

EAST 74th ST. THEATRE LE 5-5557

Clifton James, Joan Harvey, John Ragin in the play by Robert Penn Warren about Willie Stark—or Huey Long.

GREENWICH MEWS CH 2-9210

BALLAD of JAZZ STREET

Lorraine Sattin, Richard Ward, Helen Martin in a play by Norton Cooper, directed by Adrian Hall. Opens tonight. To be reviewed.

EAST 74th ST. THEATRE LE 5-5557

Ethel Coltrane's "monomusical" survey of the American musical-comedy theatre from the days of the Revolution to the present. Monday evenings only, through December 7.

DEIRDRE of THE SORROWS

Salome Jens, Ray MacDonnell William Clemmons in the play by J. M. Synge about the killing of Deirdre and Naisi by jealous King Conchubor.

GATE THEATRE OR 4-8796

Bill Heyer, Kay Doubleday, Julie Bovasso, Avril Gentles in a play by William Gibson, directed by Jess Kimmel. Opens Tuesday, November 17. To be reviewed.

GUITAR

A play by Frank Duane, directed by Louis MacMillan. Opened last night. To be reviewed.

HENRY the EIGHTH

LUTHERAN HALL TR 7-5810

Robert X. Modica, Lee Speich, Marc Wyler, Helen Hill in a Players West production of the play by William Shakespeare, directed by Richard Boldon. See review by Michael Smith, opposite page.

LEGEND OF LOVERS

41st STREET THEATRE BR 9-3631

Ford Rainey, William Larsen, Freya Minter, Ron Leibmann in the play by Jean Anouilh about a contemporary Orpheus and Eurydice.

OPHEUM THEATRE OR 4-8140

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE

A musical by Rick Besoyan. Opens Wednesday, November 18. To be reviewed.

MIS-GUIDED TOUR

DOWNTOWN THEATRE GR 3-4412

A revue by James Allen Reid, Margaret Foster, Blair Weill, Jane White, and Shirley Botwin.

NO TRIFLING with LOVE

ST. MARK'S PLAYHOUSE AL 4-6830

John Vari, Joyce Ebert in the play by Alfred de Musset, directed by Gerald S. Krone. Opened Monday. To be reviewed.

ORPHEUS DESCENDING

GRAMERCY ARTS THEATRE MU 6-1270

John Ramondetta, Ann Hamilton in the play by Tennessee Williams in a far better-than-it-was-on-Broadway production, beautifully directed by Adrian Hall.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE

TARA THEATRE MU 6-4950

Kendall Clark, Helena Carroll, John McLiam, Dermot McNamara, Maclachy McCourt, Beulah Garrick, Liam Clancy, Bryan Herbert, Jean Barr, Eleanor Hammer in the play by Paul Vincent Carroll, directed by Joseph Gistrik. See review, opposite page.

SUMMER of the 17th DOLL

PLAYERS THEATRE AL 4-5076

Dana Elcar, Louise Latham, Rae Allen, Leon Janney in Ray Lawler's superb play about the inescapable loss of youth of two Australian sugar-cane cutters and their common-law companions.

SUSANNAH and the ELDERS

B'WAY CONG. CHURCH CI 7-0387

Broadway Chapel Players' production of the play by James Bridie, directed by Bill Penn. Ten Sunday afternoons only, through January 10.

THE BIG KNIFE

SEVEN ARTS THEATRE MU 6-4950

Robert Monroe, Eve Roberts, Robert Davis, Norma Cates, Carroll O'Connor in the play by Clifford Odets, directed by Peter Bogdanovich. Opens Thursday, November 12 (a postponement of one day). To be reviewed.

THE EGOISTS

BLACKFRIARS' GUILD CI 7-0236

"Les Mal Aimes," by Francois Mauriac, in a translation by Ursule Molinaro, directed by Dennis Gurney.

TONIGHT WE IMPROVISE

LIVING THEATRE CH 3-4549

Judith Malina, Sala Staw, Alan Ansara, Garry Goodrow, Jerry Raphael, Jennie Davis in the play by Luigi Pirandello, directed by Julian Beck, offered in repertory with "The Connection" and "Many Loves." See review by Jerry Tallmer, this page.

U. S. A.

MARTINIQUE THEATRE PE 6-3056

William Redfield, Joan Tetzel, Peggy McCay, Sada Thompson in an adaptation by Paul Shyre and John Dos Passos of the latter's trilogy.

VINCENT

CRICKET THEATRE OR 4-3960

Leonardo Cimino, Joel Thomas, Rochelle Oliver, Anthony Holland in a play by Francis Gallagher about Van Gogh and Gauguin.

and these standbys:

AN ENEMY of the PEOPLE (Ibsen-Miller) ACTORS' PLAYHOUSE, OR 5-1036

LEAVE IT TO JANIS SHERIDAN SO. PLAYHOUSE, CH 2-9240

LEND AN EAR, RENATA THEATRE, OR 4-3210

MANY LOVES (Williams), LIVING THEATRE, CH 3-4569

ONCE UPON A MATTRESS, PHOENIX THEATRE, AL 4-0525

OUR TOWN (Wilder), CIRCLE in THE SQUARE, CH 3-5646

THE BILLY BARNES REVIEW, CARNEGIE HALL PLAYHOUSE, JU 6-0332

THE BOY FRIEND (Sandy Wilson), CHERRY LANE, CH 2-4468—4491

THE CONNECTION (Geibel), LIVING THEATRE, CH 3-4569

THE THREE SISTERS (Chekhov), 41st STREET, AL 4-7954

THE THREEPENNY OPERA (Brecht-Weill), THEATRE DE LYS, WA 4-8782

VINCENT (Gallagher), CRICKET THEATRE, OR 4-3960

WALTZ of the TOREADORS (Anouilh), SULLIVAN ST. PLAYHOUSE, OR 4-3838

THEATRE: TONIGHT WE IMPROVISE

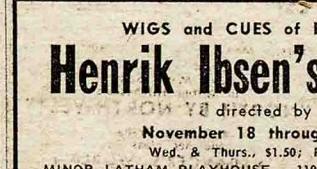
The play by Luigi Pirandello, in a translation by Claude Fredericks, presented by and at the Living Theatre, with the permission of Marta Abba, in a production designed and directed by Julian Beck. Lighting by Nicola Cernovich, choreography by Remy Charlip.

by Jerry Tallmer

Brilliance showers through the night with the Living Theatre's production of "Tonight We Improvise." Shall I tell you what Julian Beck and Judith Malina are doing up there on 14th Street with their William Carlos Williams, their Gelber, and now their Pirandello? They are turning our theatre back into a bomb, a temple, a house of craving and pleasure, a blaze of illumination, a place you cannot possibly stay out of if you enjoy the sensation of being alive.

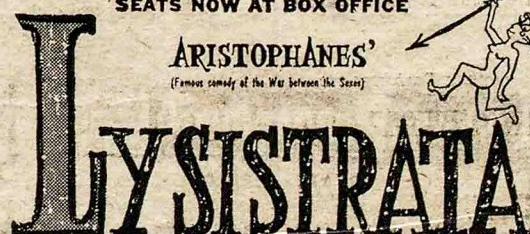
In the present instance they have great help, of course, from a very great playwright. Yet the

God in the playwright (any playwright) also only helps those who know how to help themselves. Mr. Beck and Miss Malina are two who do. They have taken Pirandello's richly exciting drama of ideas and actually honored and enhanced it, rather than anything otherwise, by shaping it through most artful editing and invention to the exact limits, needs, and established "tone" of their own modern little repertory group.



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But a word, first, about the play, which nobody so far among the reviewers except Miss Frances Herridge seems even half able to understand. This, in 1959, 32 years after the play was written, 23 years after the death of its author—which is the point at which to mention the fact that the Living Theatre is here giving it its first professional American production—is like not being able to understand Freud or Proust or the Gettysburg Address because they were all a little ahead of their time.

The trouble is that there are always about 10 things working at once in any piece of Pirandello's. In "Tonight We Improvise," Comedy and Tragedy are tossed into the air like gilded tennis balls and whiz-banged back and forth to a stunning draw across a net tensioned in eternity between the playwright's intelligence and your own. Meanwhile, over here, in another part of the same fine bright air, we have two more tennis balls: Illusion and Reality. And, over here, two more: the Theatre and Life. And over here, Love and Pride. And over here...

Actors in Revolt

"Tonight We improvise" begins with a director, a director of theatre, who comes before the curtain to introduce his actors to their audience. But the actors will not come forth: they are in revolt against the director, as we can hear from their loud hubbub somewhere backstage. Out front, too, there are dissenters—angry young men who have been fired from the company and who keep jumping up to interrupt the director with jeering questions and not so sotto voce remarks about his avant-garde phoniness and other shortcomings. That the director is played, at the Living Theatre, by the director of the

must perform is half a comic opera, half a lurid domestic melodrama about a doomed and hen-pecked Sicilian engineer, his virago of a wife, their four headstrong daughters, and a whole posse of swaggering young Italian aviators who hang around the house, around mother and daughters, like the suitors who once moved in on Penelope. Only these suitors are rather more welcome, and it is Odysseus who will be degraded before his women, and who will die in an irrelevant drunken brawl when he goes off to seek solace from a bleary chanteuse in a cheap cafe.



JOYCE EBERT is the Camille, no of "Camille," but of "No Trifling with Love," the Alfred de Musset romance opening this week at the St. Mark's Playhouse.

Living Theatre, and of the veraproduction before us—namely, by Mr. Beck himself, using, with absolute courage and to subtle absolute perfection, everything that really is his own much-cultured self—that this is so, and so much so, is to inject the work with an extra and lovely twist of Pirandellesque torque not contemplated. It is to be supposed, even by the playwright, though I cannot imagine he would have been other than altogether delighted by it.

Finally, each by each, the actors do appear, grumbling, wrangling demanding better parts and a's "written-out" script to go by, instead of this idiocy of having to make up the lines on their own. But the director, for all his tact is very stubborn, and bit by bit the director prevails, the player succumb, dropping suddenly or gradually into "character," and then as suddenly, when they feel like it, out again. The show they must perform is half a comic opera, half a lurid domestic melodrama about a doomed and hen-pecked Sicilian engineer, his virago of a wife, their four headstrong daughters, and a whole posse of swaggering young Italian aviators who hang around the house, around mother and daughters, like the suitors who once moved in on Penelope. Only these suitors are rather more welcome, and it is Odysseus who will be degraded before his women, and who will die in an irrelevant drunken brawl when he goes off to seek solace from a bleary chanteuse in a cheap cafe.

Enormous Fun

By now, you understand, each of the actors is at least three people: the "real-life" individual listed on the program, often addressed by his or her real-life name, say Sala Staw as the fantastical virago or hot-headed Aldo Ansara as the jealous and arrogant boy friend of Judith Malina who plays the principal daughter, then the actor that that actor acting; then the character being acted; and before the evening over, there will be still further subdivisions. Also by now it has become enormous fun, riotously involving the entire auditorium and the audience sitting within it, and suddenly we have a play within a play within a play, so the ladies and their airmen decide to take themselves off to "Pagliacci," and they flood in among us where we sit, taking over the

Continued on page



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 from \$4.00 to \$10.50 at The Town Hall Box OfficeManagement:
 CONCERT ASSOCIATES, Inc., 36 W. 57th St., New York 19**THEATRE: TONIGHT WE IMPROVISE**

Continued from page 9

joint in a bold cackle of ostentatious lateness, shouting when they find seats for one another, pushing in arrogantly and deliciously past our rows of knees, in general raising merry hell—while down there on what used to be, before Pirandello, called a stage—down there, poor Pagliacci, who until a moment ago was merely one of the habitues of Papa's cafe (I think he is the one who will eventually kill Papa), is sobbing his heart out, ludicrously, wholly ignored, through one of the great anguished climaxes of all opera or drama. If you think that was a long sentence, you should undertake to absorb with your own eyes the amount of simultaneity, and simultaneous irony, I was trying to recapture in it.

This is more or less the end of the first act, though the play continues, stridently—especially as between Miss Malina and Mr. Ansara—out in the lobby during intermission. The second act is an exquisitely modulated halfway house between "fake" and "real" on all the various levels. The father will die, in hammy silence, while mother and daughters stand around wringing their hands and trying to get him to say a few last words; then he will re-live his death, saying those few last words, perhaps hammy, perhaps tragically, and trying to make them do for everything he has never been able to say before. The actors will sink more and more completely into their roles, will more and more abandon their well-nursed egos; that is to say, their given egos, but the miracle of this play, and of Mr. Beck's casting and direction, is that the egos that were given them earlier yet are direct and fascinating components of what they must now each "become," what they must "represent." By the end of the second act, Mr. Ansara is fully the raging tiger, snarling his detestation at Miss Staw, her daughters, and all his comrades; Miss Malina is suffering enough remorse at the death of her father to give herself in marriage and in penance to that tiger. The stage is set, at long last, for tragedy: real tragedy, or at least "real" tragedy. "Tonight We Improvise," unlike most plays, is a play which grows, truly grows—like a plant, a tree, a person, a life, a dream—from act to act. It has an organic progression from beginning to end, and what is at the end is rooted in the beginning, and transforms it, and is thereby transformed.

Shift of Gears

And now we are at Act III, the end, and I have hardly even mentioned Miss Malina. This act is hers and hers alone. She is married to Mr. Ansara, horribly married, she has a child, her life is sheer hell. She broods around her home in somber soliloquy, cataloguing her woes, and for the first time we feel the evening start to drag. But there is a method even in this drag. Slowly, slowly, something in her starts to shift gears, she starts to address her soliloquy to the child, she realizes she must be terrifying it, depressing it. She will talk about something else, something nice, something when she was young and happy, before her marriage, her father's murder. She will talk about the theatre, the opera, dressing up, going out, the glitter, the people, the beautiful women, she was once one of them, the handsome men; and then the lights dimming, the first upsurge of music, the moment of hush that falls over the house; and then—

most gracefully, we can go home. It was only a play, he reminds us. Tomorrow night he hopes the performance will be better.

Among those who make it as wonderful as it already is I should especially have to cite Bennes Mardenn as the father; Arlyne Raines, Cynthia Robinson, Ethel Manuelian as Miss Malina's three luscious sisters; Henry Raphael, Margery Hollister as the barflies become opera singers; and Jennie Davis as the chanteuse. There was also a diffident young man who sat directly before me and who turned around, before the curtain rose, to ask my wife if that night's show was going to be "The Connection," which is in repertory at the same theatre. My wife giggled and said no, it would be Pirandello. Her interrogator was either Jackson MacLow, James Tiroll, or Murray Paskin, all of whom are also in mufti and at some remove, in "Tonight We Improvise," and all of whom are also to be thanked from the bottom of our hearts.

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CAMINO REAL

Nan Martin, Clinton Kimbrough, Collin Wilcox, Lester Rawlins, Addison Powell, Louis Guss, Pat Malone, Leigh Wherton in the play by Tennessee Williams, directed by Jose Quintero.

ERNEST IN LOVE

Leila Martin, John Irving, Gerrianne Raphael, Louis Edmonds, Sara Seeger in a musical by Anne Croswell and Lee Pockriss based on Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest."

4 IN 1

Two short plays by Fernando Arrabal, one by Edward Albee, one by H. B. Lutz, all under the direction of Lawrence Arrick, in a new innovation of cabaret theatre, presented at 5 p. m. on Saturdays and Sundays, 9 p. m. on Mondays.

LA RONDE

Mindy Carson, Jacqueline Bertrand, Carlotta Sherwood, Alexandra Berlin in the play by Arthur Schnitzler in a new adaptation by Patricia Newhall and Hans Weigert, directed by Miss Newhall.

MACHINAL

Dolores Sutton, Vincent Gardenia, Gerald O'Loughlin, Art Smith in the play by Sophie Treadwell about a young woman who is crushed by the machine age, sharply and imaginatively directed by Gene Frankel.

OH, KAY

David Daniels, Mike Mazurki, Murray Matheson, Marti Stevens, Bernie West, Eddie Phillips in a revival of the musical by George and Ira Gershwin, Guy Bolton, and P. G. Wodehouse. Sparkling songs and dances far more than compensate for some staleness in the book.

PHASE 2

An evening of cabaret theatre, featuring "The Casket-Maker," by Richard S. Stockton, through Sunday, June 5, to be followed on June 7 by a revue entitled "New Phases of '60."

THE IGNORANTS ABROAD

Philippa Bevans, Alice Pearce in a comedy by William Guthrie, directed by Matt Climber. See review, this page.

THE PRETENDER

James Earl Jones, Royce Wallace, Calvin Lockhart, Roscoe Lee Browne, Leroy Adams, Scott Cunningham in a play by Lionel Abel, directed by Herbert Machiz. See review by Jerry Tallmer, this page.

THE THEATRE of CHANCE

"Women of Trachis," by Sophocles, in the adaptation by Ezra Pound, on a double-bill with "The Marrying Maiden," a chance play by Jackson MacLow. Opens Thursday, June 9. To be reviewed.

TOBACCO ROAD

Skedje Miller, Leila Barry in the play by Jack Kirkland, directed by Bill Penn.

TWO BY IONESCO

"The New Tenant" and "The Lesson."

and these standbys:

BETWEEN TWO THIEVES, YORK PLAYHOUSE, TR 9-4130
KRAPP'S LAST TAPE & ZOO STORY, PLAYERS' THEATRE, AL 4-5076
LEAVE IT TO JANE, SHERIDAN SQ. PLAYHOUSE, CH 2-9244
LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE, 1000 BROADWAY, THEATRE, OR 4-8140
THE BALMORY GENERAL CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE, OR 3-4559
THE CONNECTION (Gelber), LIVING THEATRE, CH 2-4569
THE FANTASTICKS (Jones-Schmidt), SULLIVAN ST. PLAYHOUSE, OR 4-3838
THE PRODIGAL (Richardson), ACTOR'S PLAYHOUSE, OR 5-1034
THE THREEPENNY OPERA (Brecht-Weill), THEATRE DE LYS, WA 4-8782
U. S. A. (Dos Passos-Shyre), MARTINIQUE THEATRE, PE 6-3056
(Closes June 5)

THEATRE: THE PRETENDER

A play by Lionel Abel, presented by Frank Perry at the Cherry Lane Theatre. Directed by Herbert Machiz.

by Jerry Tallmer

The beginning of all drama is in character, and without the living tissue of character there is no drama: this I firmly believe to be, to have always been, the first rule of the theatre. Even in Shaw, even in the most "abstract" works of, say, Samuel Beckett, the intellectual and emotional ideas are embodied in characters whom we shall be able to remember as physical individuals and personality types for as long as we can remember anything, Gogo and Didi, Lucky and Pozzo, Hamm and Clov and the two old people in the ashcans—they live in our brains like our parents, our boyhood friends, our schoolteachers, our wives. It is precisely what makes Samuel Beckett one of the very greatest writers of our age, what lifts him most surely beyond the age and even (for sooner or later it is going to have to be said) somewhere into the galactic system of William Shakespeare—this capacity for wrapping features and personality around the most far-reaching sort of poetic and eschatological cerebration.

Equality in Violence

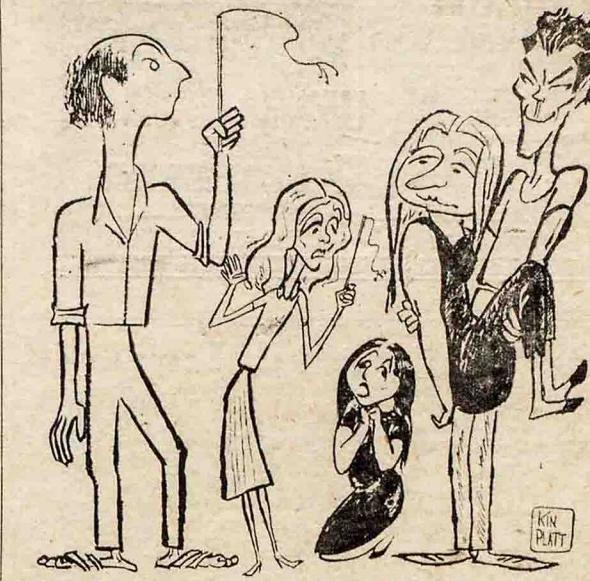
Now I have substantial respect for the cerebrum of Lionel Abel, and I admire what Mr. Abel is trying to do in "The Pretender," his new play at the Cherry Lane. He is trying to search beneath the all too self-evident surface dynamics of today's developments in the American South; to dip down into some of the secret

blood dynamics that only artists or Ku Kluxers ever seem willing to talk about. The dynamics of vengeance, sex, and equality in violence, not in lunch-counters or drinking fountains, however critically important these may be both as pressure-points of revolt and touchstones of the food-sex-intimacy-identity paranoia which lies so thickly around the roots of the whole situation. It is ideally the stuff of drama, but it has not been dramatized by Mr. Abel. "The Pretender" contains no human characters, living or dead, no recognizable human flesh whatsoever. It contains merely ideas and words—so many and so various and so almost Jesuitically in tangled conflict that the upshot is far nearer farce than drama. The acting company does not exist which could make it otherwise; the actors chosen and directed by Herbert Machiz at the Cherry Lane suffer in addition from—for the most part—excessive youth, self-consciousness, or inexperience.

They are required to make us believe, first, in a famous Negro novelist who peacefully and snobbishly resides, in deepest Mississippi, surrounded by furniture and accessories that are the absolute last word in chic modern decor—a Saarinen pedestal chair, a Vannini glass vase, a Scandinavian couch and lamp, a Robert Goodnough painting, a Japanese hanging scroll, and (but this is the ultimate touch!) even a piece of Benin African sculpture. (Who delivered these objects—the large ones—in their crates? Poor whites who wouldn't mind doing it? Darkies? Swedes? I repeat that at

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Continued on page 10



PRODUCING DIRECTOR JULIAN BECK directing producing director JUDITH MALINA directing others of the Living Theatre Repertory: center, kneeling, SYNTHIA ROBINSON, up in arms, JENNIE DAVIS; arms and all, LEONARD HICKS. In the twin-bill of "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow, and "Women of Trachis," by Sophocles, at the Living Theatre—where else?—on Thursday, June 9.

the outset everything is idyllic. Except within the novelist's marriage, where his wife, a simpler type—they are like a Negro Arthur Miller and Marilyn Monroe—is beginning to get fed up with his pomposity.)

In the Night

Then the actors are required to make us believe that this complex-minded sophisticate is so dense, so selfish, so thoughtless, or so blind as to send his wife out alone, at night, during a time of lynch fever, just to mail off one of his manuscripts! And that she gets manhandled, as a result, by one of the town's most prominent white bully-boys—an incident which she presently exaggerates into rape, apparently for the purpose of baiting her husband into some kind of passion. And that then, when she tells him of how she was raped, he proceeds into the following course of action in exactly the order given: 1) retires to the bedroom to re-clothe himself in the costume known as "black tie"; 2) flatly refuses to hear any of the details; 3) makes a series of involved and high-flown speeches on Honor, in his best classroom manner, citing appropriate passages from Calderon and Shakespeare; 4) suddenly soars off into the announcement that he is going to summon up a posse of his friends and fellow Negroes to go out and—this is the crux and the excitement of the play—hang his wife's white de-spoiler from the nearest tree. In other words, the lynchers shall for once be lynched. Or as the novelist himself put it during a heated argument a few minutes later which provides the best lines

THEATRE: IGNORANTS ABROAD

A comedy by William A. Guthrie, presented by Robert M. Cavallo, at Theatre East. Directed by Matt Climber.

It is well known that Alice Pearce is a walking sight-gag, and it's good to have her on view. "The Ignorants Abroad," her current vehicle, is a comedy aimed at Anglophilic snobs, and I am enough of one to have laughed through my mild disapproval. The high points of the play are hilarious, but too widely scattered to make the evening better than pleasant. Under Matt Climber's direction, most of the lines are delivered as if Oscar Wilde had written them, and only a few deserve it.

Philippa Bevans makes a fine frump of a Dowager Duchess, and June Harding is immaculate as a mindless adolescent heiress. On the night I was there, Charles Gerald, instead of playing his character, seemed to be portraying Charles Laughton. M. S.

'BALCONY' CHANGES

Grayson Hall has replaced Nancy Marchand, and Brooks Rogers has taken over the role of the Bishop, in the Circle in the Square production of "The Balcony." The play was given its 100th performance last Saturday night. It won four Voice "Obies" in this year's awards.

CREATIVE FILM AWARDS

The deadline to enter applications for one of the 5th annual Creative Film Awards is Friday, June 3. Entry blanks are available from the Creative Film Foundation, 35 Morton Street. The Foundation and Cinema 16 are the joint sponsors of the award.

ORWELL ON THE AIR

George Orwell's book of essays, "Homage to Catalonia," will be discussed on CBS Radio's "Invitation to Learning" on Sunday, June 5, at 10:05 p. m. Sir William Hayter, Richard Rovere, and Eric Larrabee will participate.

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—STEVE ALLEN

THEATRE: THE PRETENDER

Continued from page 9

in the drama: "Equality? What's your idea of equality? They stop lynching us—and we stop being lynched? If they stop lynching us and we stop lynching them—that's equality!"

And that's, as I say, the point of Mr. Abel's effort—or seems to be, until it is so infinitely smoothed over with rebuttals, counter-rebuttals, and counter-counter-rebuttals that all hope of following the thread is forever flown. There are also a dozen dozen whimsical changes of heart, mood,

and intention in the wife alone, not to mention her absurdly hyperbivalent husband or his friends. There is also a speech pattern which comes, from first to last, among all participants, not out of rural Mississippi but out of a Manhattan cocktail party. Mr. Abel is one of the wittiest playwrights around. But he is not around in Mississippi, and neither is his "pretender"—his self-deluding "white Negro"—and neither are we. I cannot recapture for you the thousand incongruities in logic or tone. I can only declare again that these characters are not characters, they are mental affirmations tossed helter-skelter into a chaotic arena.

The Performances

Struggling with the central role of the novelist, young James Earl Jones—at least 20 years too young for the play, 10 years too young for Royce Wallace as the wife—keeps his eyes and hands down and his self-esteem quietly up: it is his sole inner prop, and not too bad a one. I was surprised that I found myself rather liking him, and sometimes even believing him, despite his beard. Roscoe Lee Browne is excellently authoritative as a neighborhood Negro leader—a sort of underground NAACP organizer—who will not be stirred into what he sees as the lunacy of the husband's plan. Miss Wallace as the wife is warm and earnest, but (I cannot blame her) somewhat unsteady and ill-at-ease. Leroy Adams and Scott

movie journal

Continued from page 8

did not force the woman out: democratically, they tried to persuade her to leave the island of her own free will. I got a different impression, however: in the movie the old woman is treated by everybody as a senile and stupid creature. And she is even made to look like one. It is the same kind of "respect" that bureaucracies pay to all those who do not conform: they look upon them as infantile.

"Wild River," in its preoccupation with the industrial period, in its mixture of patriotism, melodrama, and machines, resembles very closely the so-called "tractor films" of Stalin's Russia. We laughed at them. But now, when we have one of our own, I bet we shall praise it. How times change.

Warren Finnerty of "The Connection" has a part in the forthcoming "MURDER, INC." (20th Century), as one of the butchers. He does a good job in it. Finnerty has a complete mastery of himself, and a relaxation which in some ways is to be appreciated more in movies than in the theatre. I am coming to the conclusion that our movies, however bad they are, have better acting and more style than our best theatre. I was surprised by the sloppiness of Jose Quintero's "Camino Real," and although Kazan's production of that play was a bit too formalistic, it was at least never badly acted. The greatest let-down is Quintero's change of the end of the play—not letting Don Quixote and Kilroy walk up the steps and into the desert—which makes the whole point in Williams' drama and which was so well done in the Kazan production.

"AND QUIET FLOWS THE DON," the film version of Sholokhov's epic (the first part of the trilogy) is good and bad. It is bad in most of its dramatic scenes, which are constantly overacted. It is excellent in its depiction of rural life, field work, and daily behavior, and in its sound track of actual sounds. Take the melodrama out, and you will have an amazingly fateful collection of vignettes of life in Russia at the beginning of the century.

I don't want to say anything about "OTHELLO" at the 55th Street Playhouse. I liked it when I saw it in the Russian version, but it is simply unbearable in its dubbed version. Dubbed Shakespeare, my God!

I saw Ivan C. Karp's short play "Dialogue Number Four" at Phase 2, a coffee theater. It has some witty dialogue. Karp can write, nobody will deny him that. But his naturalism got me down. Who wants to smell the actors' socks while eating or drinking his coffee? Not me.

Cunningham are competent in their short moments as confused friends. I could not buy Calvin Lockhart's nervous intensity as the wife's outraged (but no less confused) brother. I have already said that I could not buy, and literally could not afford to buy, Robert Soule's elegant modern setting.

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ST. MARK'S PLAYHOUSE
AL 4-8630

Nan Martin, Clinton Kimbrough, Collin Wilcox, Lester Rawlins, Addison Powell, Louis Guss, Pat Malone, Leigh Wharton in the play by Tennessee Williams, directed by Jose Quintero.

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Laura Martin, John Irving, Gerrianne Raphael, Louis Edmonds, Sara Seagar in a musical by Anne Croswell and Lee Pockriss based on Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest."

4 IN 1

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JOHN BROWN'S BODY

PLAYER'S THEATRE
AL 4-5076

Angela Wood, Donald Moreland, Bernard Engle in a staged version by Charles Laughton of Stephen Vincent Benet's poem, directed by Curtis Canfield. Opens Tuesday, June 21. To be reviewed.

LA RONDE

THEATRE MARQUEE
PL 3-2575

Mindy Carson, Jacqueline Bertrand, Carlotta Sherwood, Alexandra Berlin in the play by Arthur Schnitzler in a new adaptation by Patricia Newhall and Hans Weigert, directed by Miss Newhall.

NO EXIT

NEW THEATRE WORKSHOP
LF 3-4480

The play by Jean-Paul Sartre presented as a comedy of manners, under the direction of Ronald Durling. See review by Jerry Tallmer, this page.

OH, KAY

EAST 74th ST. THEATRE
LE 5-3557

David Daniels, Mike Mazurki, Murray Matheson, Marti Stevens, Bernie West, Eddie Phillips in a revival of the musical by George and Ira Gershwin, Guy Bolton, and P. G. Wodehouse. Sparkling songs and dances far more than compensate for some staleness in the book.

PHASE 2

302 BLEECKER STREET
AL 5-9776

An evening of cabaret theatre, featuring "The Artist and the Boy," by Michael Mussuci. Call theatre for exact schedule.

THE IGNORANTS ABROAD

THEATRE EAST
TE 2-9220

Philippe Bevans, Alice Pearce in a comedy by William Guthrie, directed by Matt Climber.

THE THEATRE OF CHANCE

LIVING THEATRE
CH 3-4569

"Women of Trachis," by Sophocles, in the adaptation by Ezra Pound, on a double-bill with "The Marrying Maiden," a chance play by Jackson MacLow. Opening postponed to Wednesday, June 22. To be reviewed.

and these standbys:

BETWEEN TWO THIEVES, YORK PLAYHOUSE, TR 9-4137
KRAPP'S LAST TAPE & ZOO STORY, PLAYERS' THEATRE, AL 4-5076
LEAVE IT TO JANE, SHERIDAN SQ. PLAYHOUSE, CH 2-9244
LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE (Besony) ORPHEUM THEATRE, OR 4-8140
THE BALCONY (Genet), CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE, GR 3-4550
THE CONNECTION (Gelber), LIVING THEATRE, CH 3-4569
THE FANTASTICKS (Jones-Schmidt), SULLIVAN ST. PLAYHOUSE, OR 4-8388
THE PRODIGAL (Richardson), ACTOR'S PLAYHOUSE, OR 5-1036
THE THREEPENNY OPERA (Brecht-Weill), THEATRE DE LYS, WA 4-8782
TWO BY IONESCO, ROYAL PLAYHOUSE, GR 5-9647

wife for her, but what Agnes would really like, she thinks, is to repeat the magic phrase to someone who actually is handsome.

Outside Her Sphere

Led by Apollo, she learns that Beauty as conceived by the sculptors, a beauty of symmetry and harmony, is outside her sphere of existence. Unlike Ondine and other Giraudoux heroines, she is a creature who has been designated to live out a life in this world, a life that is, she realizes, marked by "a staircase full of stale odors." And just before vanishing, Apollo whispers to Agnes that the Chairman of the Board, now arriving, is a bachelor.

Hubert McPherson, who is well-cast as "the man," is able to maintain the vitality needed for this part. Although her lines are spoken well, Valerie Speare as Agnes looks a bit withered at times, and regrettably lets herself be overshadowed by Juliette Lesco, who plays the fiery little wife of the President. Sol Frieden as the Vice-President does a fine job, and the members of the supporting cast generally hold up well.

Nils Cruz, the director, has some big plans for this little theatre. If it doesn't bite off more than it's able to chew, the group will do well.

—Ruth M. Moore

'DOLLS IN FANTASY'

An exhibit of "Dolls in Fantasy" can be seen through the end of the week at the Wee Folk Gallery, 171 Sullivan Street. The gallery describes it as "probably the most whimsical display anywhere."

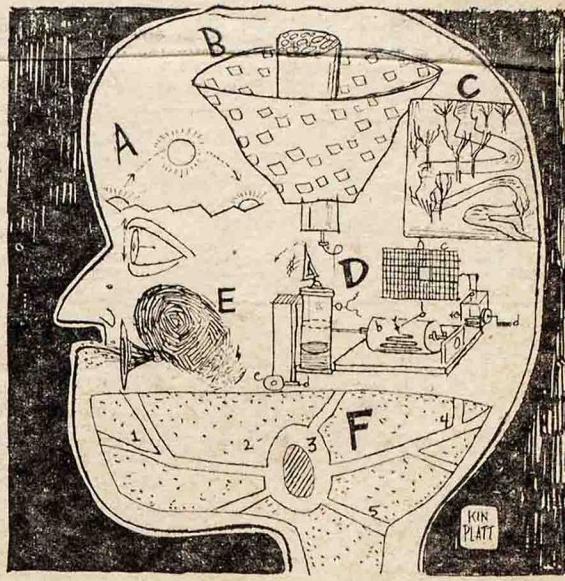
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NO EXIT

as a comedy of manners
directed by Ronald Durling

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Tues. thru Sun. 8:30; Sat. at 10:00
contributions: 1.00, 2.40, 3.00



THE DIRECTOR: an interior of his head by research clinician Kin Platt. (A) Self-Existence Reminder Chart, showing peak and double setting; (B) Square-Holed Filter-Tip Foreign-Language Realistic-Dialogue Improvising Dispenser; (C) Symbolism Area, formerly Stanislavsky Autobahn; (D) Solid-Mesh Self-Winding Seismograph and Self-Regulating Wind Gauge for anticipating critical abuse; (E) Thumbprint of Authority and Automatic Negative Feedback Loudspeaker Outlet, for communication with authors and producers; (F) Sanitary Drain and Mine Field showing (1 to 5) important areas where cast members may read lines their own way.

THEATRE: NO EXIT

The play by Jean-Paul Sartre, translator not credited, in a production by the New Theatre Workshop, 144 Second Avenue. Directed by Ronald Durling.

by Jerry Tallmer

What brought me down to this production was its self-proclaimed intention to portray Sartre's dip into Hell as "a comedy of manners"—on the face of it, an apt and workable idea. But no such thing. We are given a few introductory trimmings to establish the desired mood—a little piper-boy dancing in to present the valet, the valet prancing in with pikestaff and rosette to welcome Garcin, Inez, and Estelle to their new, and terminal, scorpion's cage—but from there on out, every last pretense of either comedy or manners is abandoned in the struggle just to get through the piece on a straightforward, reasonably competent workshop level.

And that is what it is: a reasonably competent workshop production—certainly no more—under Ronald Durling's tenacious but hardly inspired direction. Of the three principals, Barbara Chandler most securely held my attention, but only because her features and figure would hardly allow otherwise; they are at glancing moments much similar to the features and figure of the early Lauren Bacall; I am afraid, however, that the emotions and inflexions are also those of the early Bacall, over-positive and under-exposed. It sorted ill with Miss Chandler's task of representing the rather more complex and feral angers of Inez the lesbian. Judith Emery touched finer subtleties as Estelle the narcissistic murderess—though she did not look as though she had ever really damaged so much as a fly in all her young life—and Douglas Wing, as Garcin the coward, flatly refused to cope with any subtleties more

Continued on page 10

THE LIVING THEATRE REPERTORY

THE THEATRE OF CHANCE

WOMEN OF TRACHIS

BY SOPHOKLES A VERSION

BY EZRA POUND AND

THE

MARRYING MAIDEN

BY JACKSON MACLOW

OPENING JUNE 22, 1960.

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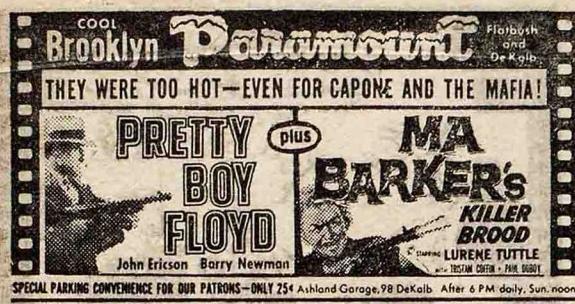
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8:30 & 11:30 p.m.
COUNT BASIE and his Orchestra featuring JOE WILLIAMS, SARAH VAUGHAN, HORACE SILVER, CANNONBALL ADDERLEY, LAMBERT HENDRICKS and ROSS.

SAT., JULY 2nd

8:30 & 11:30 p.m.
COUNT BASIE and his Orchestra featuring JOE WILLIAMS, DINAH WASHINGTON, DAVE BRUBECK, ART BLAKEY, THE JAZZET featuring ART FARMER and BENNY GOLSON.

SUN., JULY 3rd

8:30 & 11:30 p.m.
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Take Lexington IRT to Pelham Bay Station; number 12 bus to Playhouse,
accessible off Hutchinson River Parkway; near Bruckner Boulevard.

THEATRE: NO EXIT

Continued from page 9

complicated than a long sigh or a short smile.

Nevertheless, the play continues to grow in stature and power as season follows season. If you have never heard Sartre tell us, through Inez, that "you are your life and nothing else"—if you have never learned with Garcin that "there's no need for red-hot poker... Hell is other people"—then this might serve for the occasion. It is as good a one as any, for it will be a long time yet until New York sees its first fully mature and satisfying production of "No Exit." A telephone call (LF 3-4480) is advisable before you go; I think the schedule is irregular.

As a curtain-raiser, Mr. Durling, solus, presents a staged reading of "The Wager," a remarkable short story by Anton Chekhov. During a debate on which is the greater evil, capital punishment or life imprisonment, a young student agrees to place himself in solitary confinement for 15 years when a banker stakes two million rubles that it can't be done. He is imprisoned on the banker's estate. He suffers, he sleeps, he reads, he endures. As the 15 years approach their end, the banker begins to sweat for his money; it comes into his head that he is going to have to kill his prisoner before the final hour of the final day. I shall let Chekhov and Mr. Durling take it from there. Not even the imposed gestures and pauses of Mr. Durling's otherwise gifted presentation can lessen its cumulative impact.

P.S. to the Misses Chandler and Emery and other young actresses everywhere: when your lipstick accidentally flies out of your handbag, even in a "big" scene, do not just let it lie there; look at it and then, when it suits

you, go over and pick it up. Or when you are forced to sit in a chair on whose seat there lies an open knife which someone has left there in error, don't just ignore the problem. Reach down for the knife and put it somewhere else.

Police Met Beat, Forced Retreat

Beats met police in the window of a Fifth Avenue record store early last week, starting a legal hassle which well may end up in the State Supreme Court.

The "way out" contingent, including Ringo Angel, Peter Lane, Big Mike Calloway, and other figures well-known in Beatdom, were to spend all of last week in the window of the Record Hunter, at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street. The idea was to paint, improvise poetry, and in general give publicity to two LP Beat records recently taped in Village coffee houses.

Things started out well enough. Large crowds gathered to watch. People went in to buy the records. And then, entered the villain. The August Fifth Avenue Association got wind of the unorthodox goings-on and protested. Police Lieutenant John McQuade responded by serving a summons for violation of a code which makes live window demonstrations a misdemeanor. The beats beat it.

Talat Halman, the store's vice-president who arranged the demonstration, later pointed out to The Voice that department stores in that vicinity have presented such live displays for years. He stated all stores should be allowed or denied permission to produce them, on an equal basis.

"We'll take this to legal counsel, then to higher courts if necessary," Halman stated. "And we definitely want to find out how other stores get away with live displays if they're supposed to be illegal."

He also complimented his beat entertainers for the mature and courteous way in which they responded to police orders to get out of his window. Halman, a young intellectual and university instructor, is the author of thoroughly non-beat poetry in his native Turkish and in English.

"I was very impressed by these young people," he said. "They acted in a really fine manner. I hope to have them back soon, when we get things straightened out."

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July 5 ROMANOFF AND JULIET
July 12 BORN YESTERDAY
July 19 CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF
July 26 THE GAZEBO
Aug. 2 THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR
Aug. 9 MAKE A MILLION
Aug. 16 THE TIME OF THE CUCKOO
Aug. 23 TO BE ANNOUNCED

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First Prize
 General Excellence
 (Tabloids)
 1958



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letters to the editor

Cheap Sensationalism

Dear Sir:

It may interest you to know that "The Connection" has been castigated along with several other modern plays in an editorial attack recently by the Evening Post, the leading conservative daily of this capital city. Taking its cue from a Daily Mail report on the forthcoming production in London, the Post thunders against "the language of the gutter" and stresses that "realism can be carried too far."

Lumped Together

Undaunted by not having read the play or seen it produced, the leader-writer describes it as "shock tactics . . . lacking in entertainment" and "cheap sensationalism." The article lumps together "The Connection" and Beckett's "Waiting for Godot" as examples of "third-rate plays," and uses the term "blasphemy" and "filth" in its accounts of trends in present-day drama. "Nurses have been on duty every night on Broadway (sic) to attend to pa-

trons who faint," the paper confides.

Several well-known intellectuals, including James K. Baxter, New Zealand's leading poet and dramatist, have entered into controversy with the newspaper, defending literary concepts inherent in work like "The Connection."

—Brian Bell
 Wellington, New Zealand

Community Relations

Dear Sir:

I am new to the Village and, in fact, to New York, having arrived here only a few weeks ago from California, but did not expect to be treated as such an outsider as I was last Friday night.

Being particularly interested in poetry, I have attended several readings since I have been here. Consequently, when I read in The Voice that Louise Bogan, whose work I respect, was to give a free reading at NYU, a friend and I decided to attend.

When we arrived we were asked if we had "cards," and when

we were turned away. Perhaps we were not dressed correctly for a poetry reading, or perhaps there was an overflow—a situation I seriously doubt—but at any rate

Needed

Dear Sir:

Why don't you start agitating for a recreation pier at the foot of Christopher Street, where the ferry used to be. Or let me put it this way: Please start agitating for such a recreation area.

So we can breathe a little before they blow the whole (censored) thing up. You know?

—John Stanley
 Christopher Street

Happy

Dear Sir:

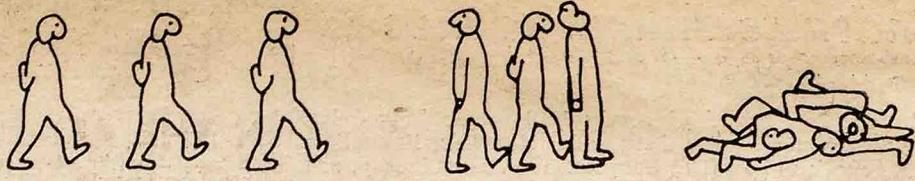
Your "Dining In" column of October 13, and its excellent suggestion of Swinging Beef Rolls, is a welcome event in The Village Voice.

I heartily recommend Rosetta Reitz's tasty and witty recipe, which amazed my Sunday-night dinner guests. They left singing praises of my culinary efforts, while I, Village Voice and wine still in hand (Monday a. m.), ponder other things.

The sauce was very bad indeed,

Continued on page 5

Nordenstrom



the fifth column...

Lascaux

by Adam Margoshes

Lascaux, France, October 10

Far from the centers of civilization, in a dark, damp cave at the top of a wooded hill, are the frescoes of Lascaux, man's earliest known art. These paintings are completely modern in spirit and in method of execution. They are mostly "realistic," but never photographic and never academic. The realism is always, and above everything else, expressive. The menace of the animals, their promise (as the source of food and—don't forget! —adventure), their majesty, their vitality, their grace: this is the real subject matter of these paintings, and what gives them their magical validity and their enduring authenticity.

I have heard and read that each individual animal is painted without reference to the rest, and that the total effect is helter-skelter. (I believe Annette Laming is the only expert who disagrees). Nothing could be farther from the truth. The over-all composition is magnificently unified. If, as the researchers tell us, hundreds or even thousands of years of effort are here brought together, then certainly each new painter worked his conception into the general design. Not only the paint, but the natural formations of the cave, are brought into play to form a sense of being surrounded on all sides by a universe created by one central purpose, if not one maker: one of the earliest surviving evidences of a monotheistic tendency, which I would expect to find in these people's religion as well. For comparison, look at the complex of buildings on the Acropolis. There one does get the effect of relational carelessness; each part perfect, but the whole achieves unity only under the monotheist compulsion of our unclassical vision.

It's almost unanimously accepted

that the major purpose of this art

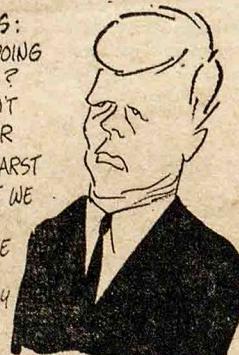
is magic—hunting magic, protective magic (against dangerous animals), and reproductive magic (for the animals who formed the principal source of food supply, and perhaps for the tribe itself). And it seems to me that the central function of art today is still magical: the individual artist moving beyond the socially attainable limits by surrendering to the higher powers that move him. Thus he opens up the possibility of a more radiant, fuller, more meaningful life for the entire human race, sometimes even at the sacrifice of his own—as in the cases of Van Gogh and Modigliani; for instance. The birth of so powerful a magic must have been the consequence of a momentous change in humanity — perhaps marking the moment when men first took over the powers of the priesthood from women. (Radio-carbon tests date Lascaux at approximately 13,000 B. C.)

The use of the cave itself as part of the painting is wonderful to see. It is this expressionist technique that makes it completely impossible to get a real idea of the effect of cave art from reproductions, valuable and beautiful as these are. The shape of the forever bending wall, the changes in texture (partly due to the "underpainting" of earlier artists), the color of the rock—everything is used and used brilliantly on every square inch. I don't think there's been a comparable em-

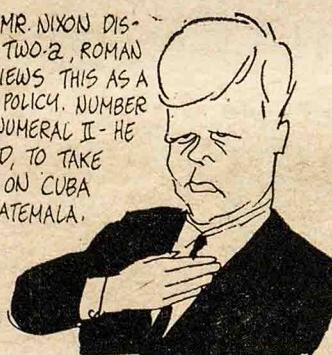
Continued on page 5

Feiffer

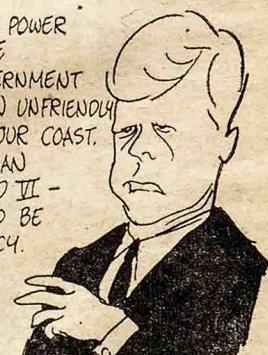
NOW THE QUESTION IS THIS:
 NUMBER ONE - ARE WE DOING
 ALL WE CAN ABOUT CUBA?
 NUMBER ONE-2 - I DON'T
 BELIEVE WE ARE! NUMBER
 TWO - IN A WHITE PAPER LAST
 WEEK I SUGGESTED THAT WE
 SHOULD DO ALL IN OUR
 POWER TO OVERTHROW THE
 CUBAN GOVERNMENT BE-
 CAUSE ITS AN UNFRIENDLY
 DAGGER JUST OFF OUR
 COAST.



NUMBER TWO-2 - MR. NIXON DIS-
 AGREES. NUMBER TWO-2, ROMAN
 NUMERAL I - HE VIEWS THIS AS A
 VERY DANGEROUS POLICY. NUMBER
 TWO-2, ROMAN NUMERAL II - HE
 WANTS US, INSTEAD, TO TAKE
 THE SAME STAND ON CUBA
 AS WE DID ON GUATEMALA.



1.e. - DO ALL IN OUR POWER
 TO OVERTHROW THE
 GUATEMALAN GOVERNMENT
 BECAUSE IT WAS AN UNFRIENDLY
 DAGGER JUST OFF OUR COAST.
 NUMBER THREE, ROMAN
 NUMERAL II, II, AND II -
 I BELIEVE THIS TO BE
 AN EVASIVE POLICY.



BUT - NEW PARAGRAPH, NUMBER
 ONE-2 - MR. NIXON DOES
 AGREE THAT WE SHOULD
 DEFEND FORMOSA - WHICH IS
 OUR FRIENDLY DAGGER
 JUST OFF THE CHINA
 COAST. NUMBER ONE-b -
 I DON'T BELIEVE THAT'S
 ENOUGH.



NUMBER TWO STROKE THREE, PART
 ONE - I BELIEVE WE MUST DO
 FAR MORE. WE MUST GAIN FOR
 OURSELVES THE FRIENDSHIP OF
 ALL THE EMERGING, UN-
 COMMITTED DAGGERS
 IN ASIA AND AFRICA.
 HERE, ROMAN NUMERALS
 M THROUGH MCII, IS
 OUR AREA OF
 DISAGREEMENT.



IN MY NEXT REBUTTAL,
 FOLLOWING THE COUNT
 DOWN, I'D LIKE TO
 DISCUSS MY PROGRAM
 FOR THE AGED.

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Sat. - Sun. 2, 4, 6 P.M.

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off-broadway theatre

BEHIND THE WALL

Bennie Gatteys, Claude Gerson, Charles Saari, Alan Scharf, Ronnie Touro in a play about the Warsaw ghetto by Kenneth Green, directed by Amnon Kabatchnik. Opens Monday, October 31. To be reviewed.

DEEP ARE THE ROOTS

ST. MARK'S PLAYHOUSE
OR 4-3530

Loretta Leverein in a revival of the play by Arnaud d'Usseau and James Gow, directed by Bert Conway.

DRUMS UNDER the WINDOWS

CHERRY LANE
CH 2-3951

Martyn Green, Dorothy Patten, Pauline Flanagan, George Brenlin in an adaptation by Paul Shyre of the autobiographical novel by Sean O'Casey, with music by Robert Rines and direction by Mr. Shyre. A lovely experience all around.

G'WICH VILLAGE, U. S. A.

ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE
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Burke McHugh, Jack Betts, Saralou Cooper, Pat Finley, Judy Guyll in a revue by Mr. McHugh and Frank Gehreke, with a score by Jeanne Barge, directed by Allen Hodshire, Jim Russell, and Mr. Gehreke.

HERE COME THE CLOWNS

ACTORS' PLAYHOUSE
OR 5-1036

Robert Mandan, Alan Bergmann, Roberta Royste, Don Gantry in a revival of the play by Philip Barry, directed by Mark Schoenberg.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

PHOENIX THEATRE
AL 4-0525

The Phoenix Acting Company in the comedy by Oliver Goldsmith, directed by Stuart Vaughan. Opens Tuesday, November 1. To be reviewed.

SHEPHERDS ON THE SHELF

BLACKFRIARS' GUILD
CI 7-0236

A comedy by the Reverend John P. O'Donnell, directed by Michael Kray. See review by J. H. Livingston, this page.

SHOEMAKER and the PEDDLER

EAST 74th ST.
LE 5-5557

Anita Darian, Jose Duval, Elinor Miller, James Bosotina, Shirley Norris in a musical drama by Armand Alucino and Frank Fields, based on the final five days in the life of Sacco and Vanzetti, directed by Lee Nemetz, with choreography by Sophie Maslow.

THE DANCE OF DEATH

Abe Vigoda in the play by August Strindberg, as adapted and directed by John A. Bowman.

THE IDIOT

Archie Smith, Kathleen Widdoes, Peggy Alienby, John Heldabrand, Juliet Randall in a new adaptation of the Dostoevski novel by Boris Tumarin and Jack Sodow, directed by Mr. Tumarin. Run extended one week, through Sunday, October 30, to be followed on November 7 by "Man and Superman."

and these standbys:

A COUNTRY SCANDAL (Chekhov-Szegyi), GREENWICH MEWS, CH 3-6800
(Closes October 30)

KRAPP'S LAST TAPE & ZOO STORY, CRICKET THEATRE, OR 4-3960

LA RONDE (Schnitzel), THEATRE MARQUEE, PL 3-2375

LEAVE IT TO JANE, SHERIDAN SQ. PLAYHOUSE, CH 2-9605

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE (Besoyan) ORPHEUM THEATRE, OR 4-8146

THE BALCONY (Genet), CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE, GR 3-4590

THE CONNECTION (Geiber), LIVING THEATRE, CH 3-4569

THE FANTASTICKS (Jones-Schmidt), SULLIVAN ST. PLAYHOUSE, OR 4-3838

THE FANTASTICKS (Jones-Schmidt), SULLIVAN ST. PLAYHOUSE, WA 4-8782

THEATRE OF CHANCE (MacLow, Pound), LIVING THEATRE, CH 3-4569

CAFE THEATRE: STEWED PRUNES

"Stewed Prunes," the miniature revue now at the Take 3, 149 Bleecker Street, is a marvelous antidote to the constipation of so much cafe theatre. Tullio Garzone, the director, explained to me that the material grew out of improvisations, which is not entirely true.

The program opens with a rearranged version of Eliot's "Sweeney Agonistes," wildly clownish and entirely true to the spirit of that curious work. This is followed by sketches, conceived with riotous freedom, performed with overflowing talent, and held together by the personalities of the performers.

The Cast

Richard Libertini, tall and straight-faced, fights hopelessly to maintain his own ludicrous brand of sanity. MacIntyre Dixon is almost Chaplin as, courageously, gallantly inventive, he tries to be understood in a stone-eared world. Lynda Segal is always ebullient, as a frantic, paranoid, Cockney bar-maid, as a brainless, boozy flapper, as the Statue of Liberty gone dance-mad. It is all American, terribly human, loving satire, and pure fun.

—Michael Smith

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THEATRE POST-MORTEM: DARWIN'S THEORIES

A revue by Darwin Venneri and Alan Alda, presented for 3 performances last week by Arthur Grasso and Win Productions, Ltd., at the Madison Avenue Playhouse. Directed by Stanley Phillips.

The theatre has always had Renaissance men — wizards who could not only write for the stage, words and music, but then get right up and act upon it. Darwin Venneri, I must regrettably report, is not one of them. His "Darwin's Theories" were little more than half-developed hypotheses, and, like the theory of Pythagoras, square on all sides.

—John Wilcock

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—Jerry Tallmer, Village Voice

MUSICAL SMASH

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theatre uptown

NO CHOICE

by Jerry Tallmer

The week on Broadway was shared between two productions without point or point of view. The very strange one was "FACE OF A HERO" (at the Eugene O'Neill), a drama by Robert L. Joseph from a novel by Pierre Boule; the very disappointing one was "TENDERLOIN" (at the 46th Street), a musicalization, by the same team as that of the brilliant "Fiorello" — George Abbott, Jerome Weidman, Jerry Bock, Sheldon Harnick — of the novel by Samuel Hopkins Adams about little corrupt old New York. Both shows are in fact ostensibly concerned with corruption. That and their meaninglessness is the only thing they enjoy in common. The wasted star of "Hero" is Jack Lemmon, an expert performer in many motion pictures. The star of "Tenderloin" is Maurice Evans in the role of a reformist New York minister. Since I think Mr. Evans was really born to be a preacher, I cannot call his work here entirely wasted. But it was wasted on me.

A Sham

"Face of a Hero" is Pierre Boule's second attempt within my cognizance to tell us that all courage, all idealism, is either a sham or an insanity or worse. His first attempt was "Bridge on the River Kwai," of which I wrote, to the displeasure of some of this newspaper's readership, the summer before last. Now, at least, in Mr. Joseph's adaptation, the cards are stacked even worse than before. In place of the mad British officer, Alec Guinness, driving his men forward to the completion of a self-injuring bridge, we have a county prosecutor in a small town in the Southern United States (why Southern? nothing in the inner logic of the work requires this) hell-bent on obtaining the legal death of a local playboy who is manifestly obnoxious but privately known to the prosecutor (Mr. Lemmon) as innocent of the murder charge brought against him. All the power-centers of the community, right up to the state capitol, throw their weight in behalf of the accused, and the more they try to browbeat, to bribe, or to beg for a *noelle prosse*, the more does the "incorruptible" prosecutor (a Northerner) tell them where to put it. In the end he even double-crosses them; he has (as it seems, inexplicably) agreed to settle for a demand merely of life imprisonment, but once before the jury his own shattering oratory gets the better of him, and in the last instant of the play he screams for the boy's death. We leave our prosecutor staring blankly out of a window at some sunset image of his own features, not hearing the colleague who mumbles to another: "What are you going to do about a man whose emotions have no memories?" Only then, arising from our seats, do we realize that from the first the prosecutor has been

Continued on page 8

"YOU MUST SEE THIS ONE."

—Jerry Tallmer, Village Voice

MUSICAL SMASH

WEST SIDE STORY

ALVIN THATRE, 250 W. 52nd St.

Evg. at 8:30. Mat. 2 P.M., Sat. 2:30

Old New York At Museum

Scenes from old Greenwich Village will be included in the special Christmas exhibition scheduled to open tomorrow, December 6, at the New York Historical Society, 77th Street and Central Park West.

One of the displays will trace the evolution of New Amsterdam's tall, serious St. Nicholas to New York's jolly, stout Santa Claus. Another exhibit will illustrate how New Yorkers spent the holiday season in past years.

The museum is free, and open to the public daily (except Monday) from 1 to 5 p.m., Saturday 10 to 5.

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10:45 A.M.—Lower Church School

11 A.M.—MR. MELLIN
4 P.M.—Sunday School
Christmas Pageant,
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village calendar

WEDNESDAY (today): Talk, Aaron Gurwitsch, The Conception of the Mind in Kant and Husserl, New School, 8:30 p.m. (free guest tickets);

Talk, Dr. John N. Rosen, Direct Analysis, Cooper Union, 8:30 p.m. (free);

THURSDAY: Talk, Dr. Martin Niemoller, What Future for Europe's Youth?, NYU, 5 West 4th St., 4 p.m. (free);

Talk, Wilfred Benson, Toward Self-Government, New School, 8:30 p.m. (free);

FRIDAY: Talk, Dr. Richard Courant, What Is Mathematics?, NYU, 24 Waverly Place (Room 170), 4 p.m. (free);

Talk, Ya-chun Wang, Chinese Painting, New School, 6:20 p.m.

Color Slides and Talk, William Jacobson, The Grand Tour, High School of Fashion Industries, 225 West 24th St., 8 p.m. (free);

Dance concert, Anum Ram and Arathi, Dances of India, Cooper Union, 8:30 p.m. (free);

Talk, Laurens Van der Post, Contribution to Modern Man, Community Church, 40 East 35th St., 8 p.m. (free);

Woodrow Wilson Centenary Celebration at the New School Sunday: Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Adolf A. Berle, Milton Katz, Arthur S. Lall, and August Hecksher; Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.: Gunnar Myrdal; Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.: Quincy Wright. Admission free to all events by registration.

SUNDAY: Sermon, the Reverend Howard Moody, Advent and the Advent Judson Memorial Church, 11 a.m.

Christmas pageant, Sunday School, "Christmas Rose," First Presbyterian Church, 4 p.m.

Talk, Ashley Montague, Man's Past and Humanity's Future, Community Church, 8 p.m.;

TUESDAY: Discussion of photography, Art Kane, Village Camera Club, 65 Bank Street, 8:30 p.m. (free);

Meeting, Village Independent Democrats, 224 Fourth Avenue (Sheridan Square), 8 p.m.

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ADVERTISEMENT

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Editor-writer Available

Now 28, He's Had Jobs in 4 Countries

One day in 1950, the city editor of London's Daily Mirror (circ: 4½ million) received three pages of neatly-typed dialogue in his mail. Purporting to be a conversation between himself and his secretary, it discussed the number of job applications that had flooded in from John Wilcock, a young reporter up north.

The fictitious dialogue was written by Wilcock himself, and it closed with the "editor" agreeing, resignedly, that Wilcock be given a month's trial as a reporter.

Whatever the city editor's thoughts, he acted on the suggestion and the young reporter joined the world's biggest daily newspaper and stayed with it for two years. In 1952 he left for Canada, spending the next three years working for UP and two Canadian magazines, Saturday Night and Liberty. He also tried a brief spell as a columnist on the Nassau Guardian, in the Bahamas.

By the time Wilcock, now 28, reached New York in the fall of 1954, his 10 years' editorial experience earned him a berth with Pageant magazine as an assistant editor.

Then, The Voice

In the summer of 1955, he joined Edwin Fancher, Daniel Wolf, and Jerry Tallmer in starting The Village Voice, a weekly tabloid newspaper devoted to the idea that a local newspaper need not be filled with glowing reports of tea parties and other insignificant trivia.

For several months, as \$25-per-week news editor, Wilcock guided The Voice's day-to-day coverage while concurrently writing a weekly interview-type column, The Village Square. For the past four months he has concentrated on feature material, while continuing The Village Square and preparing the paper's "uptown" edition.

As news editor, his theory has been that virtually any story, however limited its original appeal, can be handled so that it entices a larger audience.

Here are some examples of Wilcock "intro's":

Too many of our institutions providing shelter for old people advertise "bed and board" when the correct spelling of the latter word should be "bored," an NYU professor said yesterday.

An "anatomical doll" with which self-conscious maidens used to point out their bodily ailments to the doctor in Victorian days will be displayed.

The editor of Esquire magazine was excited last Thursday. He was excited all day—and he told a class at the New School about it that same evening ...

The old man lay dead, and in dying he had bequeathed a problem. For he was not only an old man but an excessively fat man and, try as they might, his undertakers saw no way to get him out of the door of his tiny Gay Street apartment ...

An 81-year-old post and an 11-year-old schoolboy made a bargain with each other at New York University's Vanderbilt Hall on Friday ...

THE Daily Mirror

GERALDINE HOUSE, ROLLS BUILDINGS
FETTER LANE LONDON, E.C.4

THE DAILY MIRROR NEWSPAPERS LIMITED

2nd April, 1952.

To Whom It May Concern,

Mr. John Wilcock has been employed by the Daily Mirror as a staff reporter in Sheffield for close on two years and now has an ambition to travel. He has worked energetically and efficiently for this newspaper, with an enthusiasm which has taken no account of set hours of duty.

Kenneth Hord

NEWS EDITOR

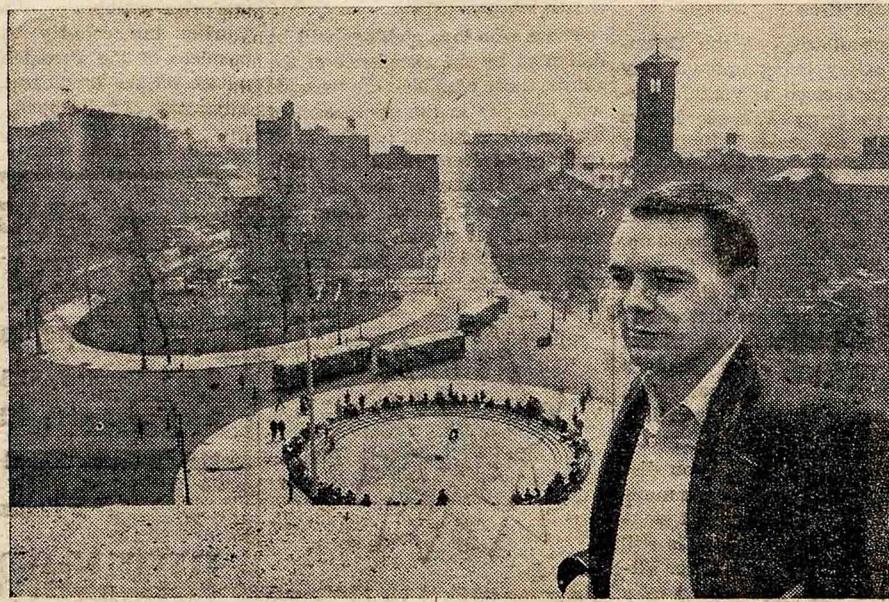


photo by Gene Dauber

WITH WASHINGTON SQUARE IN BACKGROUND, John Wilcock poses atop Washington Square arch which he climbed to do story for Village Voice readers under pseudonym Oliver Johnson. In column, "Oliver Johnson's Village," Wilcock named monument most sketched and painted landmark in America.

the village square

by John Wilcock

One of the local papers around here—its name escapes me for the moment—carried an intriguing ad last week.

Hate to Write Letters?

THE LETTER GHOST

A New Service—We Write Your Personal Letters

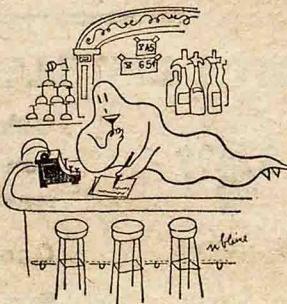
A Miss Toby Shafter answered my call. "I'd love to come round and tell you about it," she said. "But I have to wait by my telephone. Any call may mean business."

By the time I arrived at the West 9th Street apartment there had been neither calls nor business but The Letter Ghost was still waiting optimistically. I asked her how the system would work.

"It depends on what sort of letters I have to write," she said. "I suppose most of them will be the routine Hallo-folks, I'm fine-how-are-you sort of things. They'll be 75 cents. Of course, I'll have to interview the writers and catch the way they speak so that I can interpret them properly. There'll be a special rate of three letters per month for two dollars."

Maybe some of the letters would prove of more than routine interest, I suggested.

The Ghost—she seemed to like the term—agreed. "I'm sure I'll have a tough job with hypochondriacs and the people under analysis. They use so many technical terms; I'm afraid I'll really



have to study to be able to write their sort of letters. Of course, I've had plenty of practice in drafting the routine things. My first customer was a restaurant manager nearby. He used to pay me for the letters in cash. He'd give me drinks on the house, too—real zoomy martinis. It's a pity I don't drink: If I did I'd probably have enjoyed them more. I always had to make sure I wrote the letters before drinks and not after."

More Details

It seemed to be a good time to ask for a few specific details. "I've been in the Village for two years, on and off," Miss Shafter explained. "I worked on a collective farm in Israel, helped care for refugees in Germany. I write about places I visit and I can speak German and understand French. You could say I was 29 and I come from Rockport, Maine. Everybody who hears you've come from Maine thinks you're from Portland. I'm not. I'm from Rockport. All there is there are lobsters."

(Reprinted from The Village Voice, December 14, 1955.)

CALL or WRITE

John Wilcock

Box 1003

Grand Central Terminal

New York 17, N. Y.

WA 4-4669 or WA 9-1232

British United Press Limited

John Wilcock Esq.,
399 Palmerston Boulevard,
Toronto.

26 King St. West,
Toronto.

22nd November, 1952.

Dear John,

I cannot let you leave BUP without writing you a note of thanks and of best wishes for the future.

During the months you have been with us, you have always proved a willing worker, a reliable reporter and a good writer. I always knew that any assignment I gave you would be well and fully carried out. Apart from that, your initiative in digging up stories on your own has been of enormous help.

I am sorry you are leaving BUP, both personally because I have enjoyed working with you, and for the organization because you were an asset to us. However, no one can quarrel with your decision to accept a better offer.

With all good luck to you in the future.

As ever yours,

R.W.
(Robert W. Reford)
Ontario Manager

LIBERTY

Canada's young family magazine

October 15, 1954

To Whom It May Concern

LIBERTY OF CANADA LIMITED

71 RICHMOND STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONTARIO

PHONE EM 5-7581

This is to record that John Wilcock has been with Liberty magazine since October of 1954 as Associate Editor. He came to us after he had served with Saturday Night, our sister publication, for one year.

On Saturday Night he wrote 51 signed articles about presidents of Canadian corporations plus more than 100 interviews with a variety of celebrities.

On Liberty, he proved himself a most prolific, versatile, and valuable craftsman. He is extremely well versed in every editorial function: he wrote personality, sports, humor and social articles of every description; he did ghost-writing and first-person as-told-to interviews; he is tremendously able at writing titles, sub-heads and outlines; he is gifted in editing both fiction and non-fiction copy; and he has a knowing eye for good make-up and layout.

He is, in short, a highly gifted editor, rewrite man and reporter. I am certain that he will be a great asset for any publication which has the vision to use his services.

Cordially

Frank Rasky
Editor

FRANK RASKY
Editor

BEER • SODA
DELIVERED TO YOUR HOME OR
OFFICE PARTY. ALL BRANDS IN
BOTTLES, CANS OR LEGS. PICK
UP ON PREMISES AND SAVE.
FOR FAST DELIVERY:
GR 7-0240 • AL 4-0070
A & M Beer Distributing Co.
142 W. Houston St., Nr. MacDougal

the lively arts

by GILBERT SELDES

If it weren't going to happen anyway, I wouldn't mention it, but since you are going to be exposed to it around September, you might as well get braced now.

The one thing I haven't been able to find out is who the advertiser is—a quarry-owner, a trade-organization of morticians, or maybe the makers of popcorn who have found an in, somehow. In any case, there will be a long preparatory campaign in which (since the law doesn't forbid it) actors impersonating clergymen of various denominations will give punchy-but-sweet one-minute messages on our duty to face the demise of loved ones with good cheer, and then, just before

Christmas, the big sell will occur:

FUNerals
can be
FUN

by spring you will become accustomed to the new slogan: *Have FUN at your own FUNERAL.*

There's a little dramatization on TV right now which should have been sufficient indication. It shows a pretty girl furtively eating a candy bar. The voice-over says that if you think eating a candy bar in public is impolite and that everyone is looking at you (she at this point turns pale, I think), you should buy bite-size something or other—which is “polite to eat.”

As Stevenson said: “In such a rancid life, dear God, were it not better, by far, to be dead?”

They Did It

I know the pressure under which advertising men work. They not only have to please their employers in the agency and the agency's employer as well, they have to excite the interest of

other agency executives and, as an afterthought, their copy has to be so different that, if a campaign succeeds, they can say it was the copy that put the whole thing over.

So they do silly things. They know that all the natural sales-pitch approaches have been used. I think it is an act of desperation when they go into the bizarre and especially the comic.

Nevertheless I would like to have been present when the idea of “polite to eat” was bruited in a conference. Was it preceded by brainstorming (or maybe mouth-washing)? How the hell did anyone get the notion that you could persuade 50 million subway and bus users that it was impolite to munch a candy bar? Who persuaded whom that the American public was such a patsy for politeness?

The Fun-Funeral campaign is built on more solid foundations. The coincidence of letters makes for a neat typographical layout, and in later stages of the campaign there will be pictures of wakes, ancient and modern, short learned essays on burial customs, admonitions to die soon and have the best time of your life, and a fairly concerted effort to introduce the “fun” pronunciation for the first syllable.

Form of Success

And, as everyone who will express distaste for the advertisement will hear—to the point of nausea—“you're talking about it, aren't you?”

A friend of mine has pointed out to me that the greatest advance made by science in the past 50 years has to do with longevity. The life-expectancy of man is now about 90 seconds.

Have fun.



THELONIUS MONK and his quartet have just opened in an extended engagement at the Jazz Gallery, St. Mark's Place. It is their first New York club date in nearly two years.

Slumming Parties, Tourists Welcome Bookshop 125 Greenwich Ave Adv.

Jake Trussell's AFTER HOURS POETRY

Now in its second printing. Circulated into seven countries: Germany, France, England, Australia, Mexico, Canada, and USA. One poem reprinted in "The Jazz Word." Get the entire collection by sending \$1 to Jake Trussell, Box 951, Kingsville, Texas.

Wide Range of WEDDING and FATHERS DAY GIFTS



182 West 4th St. 1-9 P.M. WA 4-9220

AT EXAM TIME, and always, Memory is the mother of learning

There are SPECIFIC TECHNIQUES for improving concentration and retention. Employing the best of the hypnotic techniques and applied autoconditioning. Study habits can be accelerated and improved. Also self-confidence, relaxation, reducing. Hypnosis Consulting Center 387 6TH AVE. OR 5-8525

night life

Cannonball Adderley Quintet
JAZZ ON THE WATERFRONT
at The HALF NOTE
289 Hudson St., New York
For Reservations Call AL 5-9752

Cafe Figaro
CAFFE ESPRESSO
SILENT MOVIES EVERY NIGHT
—Dinner After 6 P.M.—
Sunday Brunch
VILLAGE VOICE ON SALE
Open to 3 a.m.
186 Bleecker GR 7-9487

POETRY TO JAZZ
HARVEY HEPNER
Reading
"This Is My Beloved"
FRI., SAT.—10 P.M.
Jazz, Poetry, Pantomime
Before and After Theatre Snacks
Intermezzo Theatre Cafe
72 MacDougal St. GR 5-9114

An evening with . . .
THELONIOUS MONK
JOHN COLTRANE QUARTET
JAZZ GALLERY
80 St. Marks Pl., N.Y.
(8 St. at 1st Av.) AL 4-8260

PHASE 2
Edwardian in Decor
A Cafe Espresso featuring
LIVE PERFORMANCES
CLASSICAL AND JAZZ MUSIC
PAPERBACK BOOKS
ARMENIAN CUISINE
Luncheon and Dinner Served
Magnificent Garden in Rear
302 BLECKER STREET AL 5-9776
1 block so. of Sher. Sq. near IRT

APPEARING NIGHTLY
SANDY BULL
ED McCURDY
Monday Guest Night
GERDES
FOLK CITY
NO COVER FREE ADM.
11 W. 4th St., N.Y.
AL 4-8449
N.Y.'s Center of Folk Music

CHARLES MINGUS JAZZ
YUSEF ★ BURT
LATEEF ★ WALLACE ★ JULIAN
EUELL
Jim Paul Eilers' SHOWPLACE, 4th St. & 6th Av. AL 4-5648

WANTED

Experienced
STENOGRAPHERS
and TYPISTS

Good Office Appearance
3-5 DAYS A WEEK
To Substitute in
New York's Finest Offices
NO FEES - Interview 10-2

EMPLOYERS Temporary Service

110 W. 34 St. 12 Flr.

(Geraldine Page, Alice Ghostley,
Andy Prine & Salome Jens worked
with us)

PERMANENT AND TRANSIENT — REASONABLE RATES

The Landmark of the Village

HOTEL MARLTON

5 WEST 8th Street, at Fifth Avenue

2-room Suites with kitchen facilities

JACK COHEN and SOL LITERA, Management GRAmacy 3-5886

KEEP UP - KEEP DOWN

The finest Garage and the
lowest rates in the Village
(Inspection Invited)

Efficient Uniformed Personnel

Always In Attendance

Oil Market Garage, 166 Perry St. WA 4-9086-9649

COLD WATER
DWELLING LANDLORDS
INSTALL

AMERICAN-Standard AUTOMATIC
CENTRAL
HEATING

AND LET US PROVE HOW YOU CAN

- 1 GET INCREASED RENTALS
- 2 INCREASE THE VALUE OF YOUR PROPERTY
- 3 AVOID VIOLATIONS

AT NO COST TO YOU!*

1

Owners of multiple cold water houses that have installed Automatic Central Heating BY LAW are allowed rent increases as high as \$4.00 per radiator and \$1.75 per riser per unit.

2

By installing a modern Automatic Central Heating System you will not only increase the value of your property but BY LAW you can receive a 12 year exemption of increased assessed valuation taxes PLUS a 9 year tax abatement of present real estate taxes.

3

Multiple cold water dwelling landlords who have not installed central heating by November 1958 may BY LAW BE FINED. Don't let this happen to you.

CONVENIENT TERMS, NO DOWN PAYMENT

Take up to 7 Years to Pay



SERVICE and PARTS
CONTRACT
ONLY \$15.00
a year
Includes service calls at no charge as well as repair or replacement of all oil burner parts and controls.

A COMPLETE SERVICE

1. Licensed installations
2. Factory trained servicemen
3. Automatic fuel oil deliveries
- MOBILHEAT with RT98
- The "TRIPLE-ACTION" Fuel
- More clean heat per gallon
- Cleaner, Cheaper, Easier Heating
- Longer life for burner parts

Ideal
OIL BURNER CO.
Division of ARCO FUEL OIL CO.
SERVING N. Y. SINCE 1927

Mobilheat
SOCONY MOBIL HEATING OIL

FOR INFORMATION CALL...

BU 4-3000

510 FLATBUSH AVE. BROOKLYN 25, N.Y.

the village Voice

a weekly newspaper designed to be read
PUBLISHED WEEKLY (WEDNESDAYS) BY THE VILLAGE VOICE, INC.
Daniel Wolf, president; Edwin Fancher, secretary-treasurer
22 GREENWICH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.
PHONE WA 4-6659-70-71

Edwin Fancher Daniel Wolf Jerry Tallmer John Wilcock Gene Dauber, Juster-Cook J. Coleman Charles Radetsky Susan Ryan Rose Greene	Publisher Editor Associate Editor Associate Editor Staff Photographers Advertising Manager Assistant Advertising Manager Advertising Production Classified Advertising
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Subscription price \$3 a year in the United States and its possessions, foreign \$4.

Application for second-class mail privileges is pending at New York, N. Y.

letters to the editor

Happy New Year

Dear Sir:

Please extend my own subscription for a year, as a Christmas gift to myself.

—Raymond Steinberg
East 14th Street

More Village Authors

Dear Sir:

Here are some Village authors to add to your list of last week. They're all members of the Mystery Writers of America, and unless otherwise noted their books are mystery and suspense.

David Alexander: "The Murder of Whistler's Brother."

Dorothy Gardiner: "What Crime Is It?"

James Reach: "Sunset Strip" (novel).

Helen Reilly: "The Canvas Dagger."

Howard Rigsby: "Lucinda."

Kelley Roos: "The Blonde Died Dancing" and (play) "Speaking of Murder."

Cathleen Schurr: "Dark Encounter."

Lewis Thompson and Charles Boswell: "Surrender to Love" (true crime).

Charles Spain Verral: "The Wonderful World" series (juve-

nile) and "The Great Locomotive Chase" (from the film).

Thank you, and thank you for including me last week.

—Joan Shepherd
West 4th Street

\$1, With Thanks

Last March our journalism class from New Lincoln High School took a field trip to The Village Voice. We each received a sample copy of the paper. I was so impressed with it that I took out a 20-issue subscription for \$1.

I have just realized, with a shock, that I received my 32nd issue yesterday. It was by no means an unpleasant shock, for I have really been enjoying The Voice.

Best in New York

Your movie and theatre reviews are in my opinion the best of any paper in New York. The "Sick, Sick, Sick" series by Jules Feiffer is sheer genius. And though I live far from the Village, I thoroughly enjoy the news items, interviews, the Village Square, and especially the classifieds, which have been helpful to me on many occasions.

Many thanks for my "extended" subscription, and I am enclosing \$1 to complete the full year's price. I hope I can take advantage of the present Christmas offer under these circumstances, but if not, please let me know and I will gladly pay the extra dollar.

—Judy Stein
West 118th Street

The Night People

by JEAN SHEPHERD

Merry Christmas from Little Brother

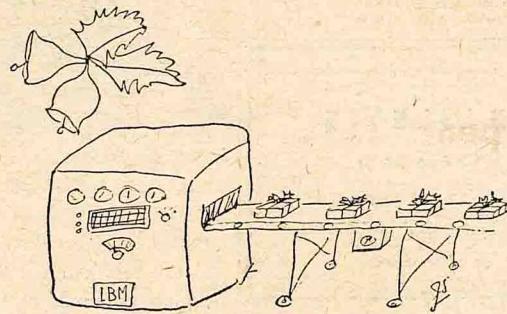
ENVISION the day, and it isn't too far off, when all a person will have to do to take care of his Christmas-card list is to send along his IBM Special Xmas Address Tape to a department store, and the whole thing will be done. Postage and all will be included in the package price, which also pays for cards, printing, and handling.

Perhaps he won't even have to go to the trouble of sending the tape, for the thing could be kept on file at the store with the cards going out automatically, completely untouched by human hands. He might be called upon to make an occasional deletion or addition to the list, but this too could be done automatically at any time of the year by simply telephoning in to the store's Friendship Department, where the changes would be piped directly into the Christmas Card Circuit, without any possibility of a mistake.

His Complete Profile

Even the selection of the card would be automatic, since the customer would have on IBM file in the Taste Department his complete aesthetic profile—carefully geared to grade everyone from Complete Slob to Arid Aesthete—which would electronically select the one card most suited to the customer's scientifically determined taste. The only thing left for the customer to do would be to shell out the dough. There would probably be some method to make this automatic too, but I refuse to think in that area.

Already one automation firm has put on the market a genuine



AN ORIGINAL SHEPHERD

bright called an "Organization Coordinator" which is an Orwellian dream. It is a smooth-crackle-finished cabinet that comes in numerous decorator colors to match any decor and designed to be a thing of beauty in itself. All it does is *watch*. It uses no batteries wires, ink, or lead, and is completely silent in operation, 24 hours a day.

In Black and White

The function of this monster is to record on a chart the comings and goings of anyone who wanders into its field of electronic vision. Placed on a man's desk, it will put down in black and white the information that the inhabitant went to the john for 16 minutes, 22 seconds, beginning at 3.07 p. m., and then got up for a coffee break 11 minutes later.

IN HER SON'S ROOM

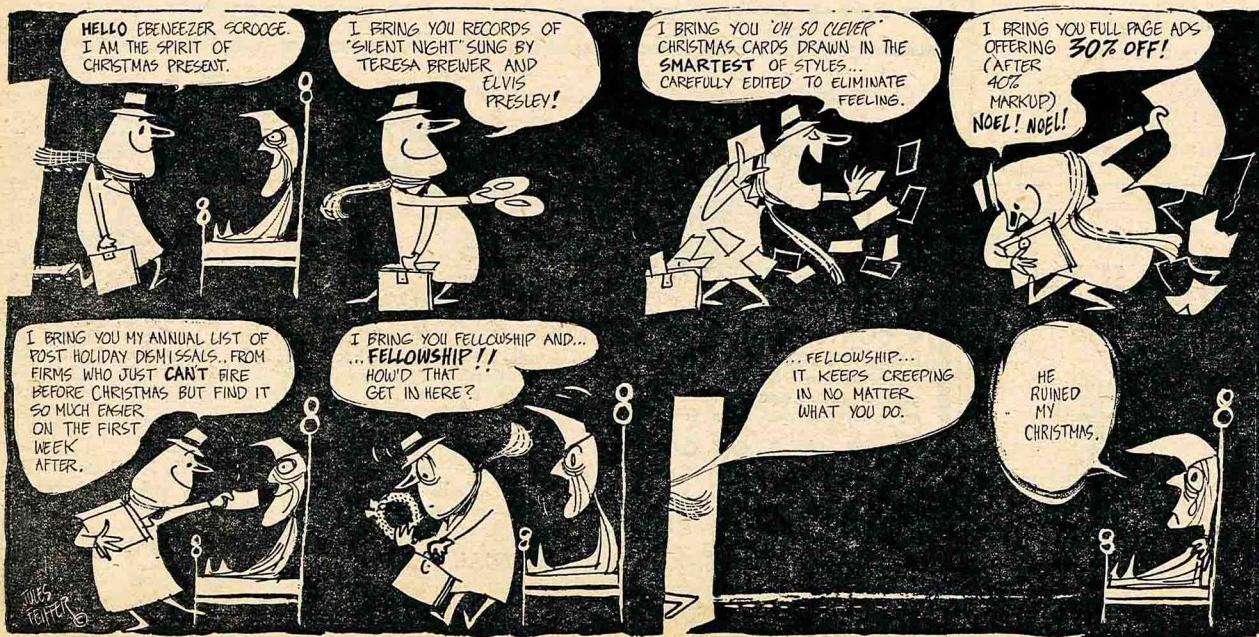
I open the door. The still shaft Of sunlight, teeming with dust, Illuminates a quiet square; In the corner a quiet chair, The lamp, the dresser, the covered table Overlooked by silent drapes. The room holds these things as I do And, as I did, says still "shhh," And is, as I am, left behind.

Shed! Shed! The forms which I address, The forms to which I cling have been abandoned. And far time distant the voices I yet hear Listening always in this shell held to my ear.

—Dan Balaban

Sick, Sick, Sick

by Jules Feiffer



Little Brother. I can just see the thing set up next to the Coke machine in order to silently eye the gang as they gather for The Pause That Refreshes. A real Aid to Better Living.

This stuff may sound almost too incredible to be true, but the little horror really is on the market and sells for a measly \$59.75, with a six-month money-back guarantee. Oddly enough, the advertising brochure makes the remarkable

Whose Home?

In a way, it reminds me of the sign in the window of a nationwide string of candy stores: "Give Home-Made Fudge This Year." Whose home did they use for the fudgemaking, and I wonder if they messed up the kitchen? You know how fudgemaking is, especially when the kitchen table is all covered with holiday wrapping stuff. Have a Merry One on Old Gaunt Rockwell here, and be sure to keep your marble bag closed.

Jean Shepherd may be heard from 9 p. m. to 1 a. m. every Sunday evening over WOR. An article of his appears in the December edition of Town and Country, and in the January issue of *Saga* there is an excellent piece about Shepherd's book, "I, Libertine," and its repercussions radiowise.

GREETINGS
from GREER GARSON

Excelsior!
JEAN SHEPHERD

My very, very
warmest regards

Edward Everett Horton

THANKS A LOT, BOB MOSES

SECOND CHORUS:

At the Fountainhead

by Nat Hentoff

Now that Harry Ashmore of Little Rock has won the Pulitzer Prize and his book has made the front page of the New York Times Book Review, it might be abrasively illuminating to see what a Negro writer, Dr. Marguerite Cartwright, wrote of his book, "Elijah for Dixie," in her regular column in the Pittsburgh Courier:

"Knowing his widely advertised approval of the Supreme Court decision of desegregation of the schools (a 'remarkable act of judicial statesmanship'), and his role as chief detractor of Governor Orval Faubus, we were hardly prepared to read in his book his prediction that segregation was going to continue as a practical matter until 'the mass of Negroes have improved their condition.' . . . At no place does Ashmore take a stand against segregated segregation; rather he nostalgically yearns for the so-called gracious era . . . Shocking as it may seem, give us the Eastlands and Faubuses, rather than the 'liberal' Ashmores and Hodding Carters, so that we can know where we stand."

Better Candidates

My own view is that the Pulitzer Prize might have gone with more justice to P. D. East of the Petal Paper, Petal, Mississippi, or to Harry Golden of the Carolina Israelite. ("I prevailed upon the manager of a department store," Golden once said, "to shut the water off in his 'white' water fountain and put up a sign: 'Out-of-Order.' For the first day or two the 'whites' were hesitant, but little by little they began to think out of the water fountain belonging to the 'coloreds'—and by the end of the third week

Continued on page 11

everybody was drinking the 'segregated' water; with not a single, solitary complaint to date.")

It is too late, it seems to me, to honor 'moderates' who are doing the minimal amount that anyone should have been doing 50 years ago. In view of the context of their life in the South, Ashmore and Carter should perhaps be encouraged, but the honors—for what little they mean anyway—are deserved by those who do not measure out elemental freedoms until all are "prepared" to drink from the same fountain.

Friend of the Court

I was glad to see that the New York Civil Liberties Union has intervened as a friend of the court in the legal action against the Tavern on the Green brought by the Sobell Committee whose meeting there was canceled be-

cause of pressure brought by Robert Moses. Observed NYCLU counsel Nanette Dembitz: ". . . The Tavern on the Green and other city-owned property cannot be restricted to those whose ideas appeal to Mr. Moses."

I wonder though why the NYCLU has been so very slow in doing something about the vicious police-card system in this city that has cost many musicians their chance to earn a living at music. Both the New York police and the State Liquor Authority have to pass on the "moral fitness" of anyone who works in a place where liquor is sold. Cards have often been denied musicians previously arrested or convicted of past offenses who are thoroughly rehabilitated but who nonetheless suffer double jeopardy because of the quixotic decisions of the Licensing Bureau. No other major city has such a system, and it is appalling that even New York "liberals" have long been apathetic to what, in this layman's view, is so flagrantly unconstitutional an exercise of police power.

A Letter

All is not ambivalent, however, in terms of local awareness of the non-exclusive nature of basic civil liberties. There was this letter-to-the-editor in a recent New York Mirror:

To Rita J., who said she thinks she saw an orang-utan in the window across the street from her and is going to report it to the authorities: How can

L'Chaim!
ART D'LUGOFF

WE WERE HAPPY TO SUPPLY THE FLOWERS FOR THE "OBIES"

Marge Illig

1225 Madison Ave.
TR 6-3758

CONGRATULATIONS
Earle Hyman

Best from
PAUL SHYRE



150 W. 57 ST • CO 8-0100
NEXT TO CARNEGIE HALL

Congratulations

Judy Holiday

*This year was great;
let's make next
year greater.*

Peggy Clark

John Houseman

Best to the Winners

ANTHONY PERKINS

Wish I were with you

Jerry Lewis



Voice: Gun Briggs
BORIS TUMARIN, chatting here with Lily Turner at the latter's Gate Theatre, won an award, with Jack Sydow, for their adaptation of "The Brothers Karamazov." Miss Turner produced the show, which also had a prize-winning actor in LEONARDO CIMINO, who layed the epileptic Smerdyakov.

At the Fountainhead

Continued from page 10

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—Ten Years Old, N. Y. C.

you be so prejudiced in this day and age? Orangs are people like you and I. They have a right to look out any window. Don't you know about our Five Freedoms? Please mind your own business.

—Ten Years Old, N. Y. C.

**From one
who knows
what it's like
when lightning
strikes —**

**Best Wishes
for
another great
year next year
for
Off-Broadway
•
CARROLL BAKER**

**Keep it up,
Kids**

**Bert
Lahr**

**Say, Darlings!
Nice Work!**

**From one
who knows
what it's like
when lightning
strikes —**

Vivian Blaine

VAN CLIBURN

**best regards
to the Off-Broadway
Theatre and
the Award Winners
from
eric portman**

Michael P. Grace



NIDIA WESTMAN, winner of a Distinguished Performance Award for her portrayal of Nell in Samuel Beckett's "Endgame" at the Cherry Lane. The drama also won the honor of Best Play (foreign).

Best to The Voice, the "Obies," and to All the Winners

STEVE ALLEN



MERCE CUNNINGHAM

—Doris T. Nieh
THE THEATRE CLUB, three of whose members are shown here in "An Evening of Katherine Mansfield," won a special "Obie" citation. The players above are Joy Geffen, Jock Livingston, and Nina Redman.

Wish I could be there,
but I'm just putting the
finishing touches on a play.
Bravos to all.

PETER USTINOV

THEATRE: MANDRAGOLA

The play by Niccolo Machiavelli, presented Vincent Spar at the Fourth Street Theatre. Directed by Dan Seitz.

"Mandrakola" is reputed to be a bawdy shocker, a farcical romp through the Florence of Niccolo Machiavelli, but the production at the Fourth Street Theatre never commits itself one way or another; it never exercises really good taste, and it never digs deeply and, what's more important, un-self-consciously, into the pornographic wealth Machiavelli provides. So we end up with the familiar picture of a cast ill at ease with their script and their work in general.

The director of "Mandrakola" has tried to inject the play with life. The characters grunt and groan, fall into hysterical laughter, bleat, and in short make all possible sounds to augment the dialogue. The result of this unsuccessful attempt to embellish the original play is a mish-mash of intention and a notable absence of style.

The story is of a cuckolded husband, a beautiful young wife, and a wealthy but bumpkin-like pleasure-seeker. The last mentioned is in pursuit of the wife, and as part of his campaign he enlists the aid of the Church in the form of a virtue-wanning priest. Some strong hacks at the clergy of the time are delivered in this area. Eventually, he wins his game.

It's all pretty dull though. Machiavelli was after all a statesman, but being a Renaissance Man he had to do a number of things—write sonnets, ornate letters, even plays. The next thing we must have off Broadway is a production of one of the plays by Donatien Alphonse, Marquis de Sade.

—J. H. Livingston

Congratulations

Village Voice

Off-Broadway Awards

SUSAN STRASBERG

Congratulations . . .

to Off - Broadway
—from one who really
appreciates what you
are doing.

Harry Belafonte

Congratulations

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